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K THE NEW
West-Country GARLAND.

IN FIVE PARTS.

B E I N G

A remarkable ACCOUNT

O F

A young Orphan's Ramble into a Foreign Country, occasioned by her Uncle's striking her when she came to Visit him, also, the many Difficulties the Uncle underwent 'till she was found, he being suspected of murdering her; together with several other Things as well entertaining as they are true.



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THE
New West-Country Garland.

PART I

The young Orphan's Visit to her Uncle.

YOU Fathers and Mothers and Children also,
Draw near unto me and soon you shall know,
The sense of my ditty, and I dare say,
The like han't been printed this many a day.

'Tis of a young damsel now I do write;
One of a tender age and beauty most bright;
But death was so cruel, severe and unkind,
To take the Child's parents, and leave her behind.

Fifteen thousand pounds in bright silver and gold,
Was left to her portion as it was told;
Two Gentlemen guardians were left there in trust,
To see that no man dealt with her unjust.

She had a rich uncle, as I have heard say,
Both she and her Guardians a visit to pay,
Did ride to her uncle, as you shall find,
The Guardians return'd and did leave her behind.

To stay there some weeks fresh air for to take,
 The Uncle was pleas'd, much of her did make,
 She being young and Childish her passion did move,
 Her Uncle to strike her so great was his love.

A neighbour heard her these words for to say,
 Uncle don't kill me, have mercy, I pray!
 He struck her but once and being not use to blows,
 She thought him unkind and the greatest of foes.

Next day with fine lockets and rich garments gay,
 And costly rich jewels she wandered away:
 Well there was no finding her high nor low,
 And what became of her, anon you shall know.



P A R T II.

The Uncle is Accused of murdering her.

BEING not to be found, her Uncle, he cry'd,
 And unto the Guardians away he did ride,
 In hopes for to find her, the not being there,
 His grief was increased, and the Guardians did swear.

If she be not found, then the World will all think,
 We have Murdered her for the sake of her chink,
 You had best go and find her, and that out of hand,
 Or your life, Sir, at stake, it surely will stand.

And as they stand talking there came in a Man,
 Who against the Uncle to plead thus began,
 I am thy next Neighbour and heard her to say,
 Uncle, don't kill me, have Mercy, I pray!

Why then, said the gentlemen, his Neice he has slain,
 And he must expect to be hang'd for his pains,
 Then unto a Justice they went, as its told,
 And sentence was past, that Jail should him hold.

But there was a Squire that liv'd in the Town,
 Who Body for Body for him would be Bound,
 That he might have liberty to ride about,
 And see if he could this young Orphan find out,

Now mark good people, this Second Part,
 Will give you to know with an Aching Heart,
 Some hundred miles did he ride up and down,
 And for his hearts blood she was not to be found.

Tho' Sorrow and Anguish then filled his Heart,
 With this vail of Tears he was Loth to Part,
 He prized this life as a jewel most rare,
 And by his contrivance strange things you shall hear,

Ten miles from this house, as he was riding thro'
 A Country village he chanced to view.
 A girl the most like her that ever was seen,
 In a ragged apparel, and parents quite mean.

Then to this girl's parents, with grief and sad moan,
 His heavy condition unto them made known,
 He begg'd for the Child, that he longer might live,
 And one hundred guineas to them he would give.

When this Child of yours is drest in cloaths gay,
 Perhaps they will take her for mine that's away,
 Then I and my bail shall both be set free,
 And fifteen thousand pound her potion will be.

The father said, Sir, I am but poor and bare,
 Upon this condition my daughter I'll spare,
 If she's found the wrong child to have her once more,
 The Uncle reply'd you shall to be sure.

In two days after the Guineas were paid,
 And in costly rich robes the girl was array'd,
 In private this Uncle kept her being wife,
 And tutor'd her up against the assize.



P A R T III.

The Nurse discovers the sham Girl.

A T length the affize was come as we hear,
 The poor aged Uncle between hope and fear,
 He went with the damsel his doom to receive,
 To see what content she unto him would give.

The word being given they must come to the bar,
 With a panting heart he then went up with her,
 Where she with great boldness her part did so plead,
 The Guardians took her to be the Orphan indeed.

The trial being over all things seemed well;
 But mark once more what the Uncle befel;
 There came an old woman, she cry'd, let me see,
 Whether my young miss has not forgotten me;

The girl reply'd, woman, I know thee not,
 If ever I saw you before, I've forgot.
 Why then, said the woman, assur'd now I am,
 My young miss is slain and you're but a sham.

Eight days from the time of her birth I am she,
 Was sent for by her Parents her nurse for to be;
 And on her right arm there two moles doth grow,
 The truth shall be try'd if she have such or no.

The girl blushed then and the Uncle he shook,
 Then hold of this damsel, the Guardians they took;
 Search then were made and no moles were found,
 This made the old Uncle's grey hairs to hang down.

This made him appear like a spiller of blood:
 They that was for him against him now stood,
 He then took his trial and sentence was past,
 That he for the murder should be hang'd at last.

Then unto the jail he was hurried with speed,
 And in double fetters he was bound indeed.

Now mind how the Lord, who all things doth give,
Ordered this poor innocent man a reprieve.

A noble Knight who thought him wronged we hear,
Got him a reprieve for a space of a year:
And before the time was full at an end,
The Lord rais'd up for him a much greater friend.

P A R T IV.

The Orphan met in a foreign country by a young Man.

THERE was a young man, who to the sea had been,
And this Uncle's trial by him was then seen,
It happened this young man with a pleasant gale,
Soon after to the West-Indies did sail.

And as he was walking near the street,
He with this young female chanced to meet;
He said, Well met, Lady, what Country I pray,
I was born at England she to him did say.

And as they stood talking this young man found,
He and this damsel was born in a town;
And this was that Orphan we talk'd of at first,
Who if no more found her Uncle die must.

He said, what made you thus to run away,
And from your Uncle and Guardians to go away,
I saw his trial, and he is condemned to die,
On hearing those words she wept bitterly.

She crying, by sad amazing dreams here of late,
I have had account of his sorrowful state;
I wish'd myself with him but could not get o'er,
Three gypsies betray'd me to this distant shore.

Fifteen thousand pounds is my portion I know,
Three thousand on you I will freely bestow,
And if unto England you will me convey,
And make me your bride, then enjoy me you may.

His heart leap'd within him, to hear what was said,
Of you, I'll take care, but still I'm afraid,
That when we come to England that sin called pride,
Will puff you up so that I shall be deny'd.

Her answer was no: I will stand to my word,
When I come to England, let fire or sword,
Destroy me at once if I prove false to thee,
Who in my distress has took pity on me.

Then with sweet embraces and compliments fine,
She to his assistance herself did resign,
And they came to England, in a week and a day,
Before that her Uncle his life down must lay.

They went to a prison the Criminal to see,
And there found her Uncle a weeping bitterly:
She said unto him, Sir, what makes you here lie:
He cry'd, for murder, and such a day must die.

I am as innocent as the child that's unborn,
To think on such a dismal death make me mourn,
She cry'd, forbear weeping, and be of good cheer,
Your life will be saved thro' the day is so near.

I am your Niece whom some say you have slain,
And for you some affection in me does remain,
Thro' fortune this man met with me there,
And is come to England your life to spare.

These sweet words made him for to smile indeed,
The nurse and both Guardians were sent for with speed,
And knew her by the marks which they saw,
So the Uncle was cleared according to law.

When the day came the Uncle should have dy'd,
The orphan was made the young man's bride,
In a noble manner they all did rejoice,
Both Uncle and Guardians were pleas'd with her choice,

Said the Uncle, this day I thought for to sing,
Transported with joy, now this song I will sing,
Tho' love and great mercy I am free from death,
For which I will bless the Lord while I have breath,

He heard my deep groans and reliev'd me at last,
My Joys are come and my sorrows are past,
The Lord had great mercy, and speak it I can,
I found but small mercy at the hand of man,

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P A R T V.

Their happy living and charity to the poor.

FOR several days this great Wedding did last,
I had almost forgot to name one of the guests,
It is that young creature in rich garments brave,
Who the Uncle had hired his life to save.

A hundred guineas more the bride her did give,
The which this young damsel did gladly receive,
Now she and her Father who once lived poor,
Thro' one man's grief now possessed great store.

Fourteen thousand pound and nine hundred besides
The Jolly young man he then got with his bride;
And she a great beauty, which made him to cry,
No mortal, no mortal so happy as I,

The fairest of creatures has made me a man,
Like one in a maze I cannot chuse but stand,
To see how providence hath smiled on me;
To cherish and love her my care it shall be.

She cry'd my dear jewel the glittering chink,
Which we may enjoy, may be apt to shrink,
And be brought to nothing before its too late,
I hold it wisdom to purchase an estate.

To this he agreed, and in few days we hear,
They bought an estate of five hundred a year;
Now of their abundance this young couple do,
Relieve both the widow and fatherless too.

In Joy and great splendor this couple we'll leave,
Sweet smile from the powers above to receive:
He that us'd the seas, wears rich garment gay,
His tarpolin coat he now throws away.

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